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AUTHORITY

# FORBIDDEN WORLDS

10¢

A STRANGE MACHINE  
TURNS TIME BACK-  
WARD... AND A  
CAVEMAN STALKS  
THE 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY!  
WATCH IT HAPPEN  
ON "MYSTERY  
ISLAND!"

HE WENT  
INTO THAT  
CHAMBER  
A MODERN  
MAN AND  
CAME OUT A  
NEANDERTHAL!



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Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

LOOK UPWARD, LITTLE MAN! YOUR ROCKETS SEAR ACROSS THE SKY, YOUR SATELLITES CIRCLE THE EARTH ENDLESSLY! ALREADY YOUR SCIENTISTS BOAST ABOUT THE NEW SPACE AGE TO COME! BUT WILL MANKIND BE THE FIRST TO REACH THE STARS? OR WILL THE FIRST SPACE TRAVELLER BE...

# The APE in the SKY!

STORY:-  
SHANE O'SHEA  
ART:-  
JOHN R. FORTÉ



AT THE INSTITUTE OF SPACE MEDICINE, THE LABORATORY WALLS WERE LINED WITH TIERS OF CAGES... HOUSING THE ANIMALS USED TO STUDY THE PROBLEMS OF THE SPACE AGE TO COME...

THE ACCELERATION TEST WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS, DR. MALUS, BUT I DON'T LIKE THE REACTIONS OF THIS GUINEA-PIG SPECIMEN!

WE'LL HAVE THE CREATURE CHECKED AT ONCE, PROFESSOR GRIMM!

OF ALL THE BEASTS, ONE WAS PAMPERED FAR MORE THAN THE OTHERS...

PROFESSOR GRIMM, SYLVESTER? DO YOU THINK IT WISE TO LET THAT CHIMPANZEE WANDER ABOUT SO FREELY IN THE LAB?

HE'S COMPLETELY HARMLESS! THE POOR CREATURE SPENDS HIS TIME BRINGING SCRAPS OF FOOD AND WATER TO THE OTHER ANIMALS IN THE CAGES!

OCCASIONALLY, THE APE WOULD PAUSE BEFORE THE CAGE OF SOME HELPLESS CREATURE WEAKENED OR INJURED BY AN EXPERIMENT...

IT'S AMAZING... HE ACTUALLY SEEMS TO WORRY ABOUT THOSE ANIMALS! I TELL YOU, SYLVESTER IS ALMOST HUMAN!

SENTIMENTAL ROT, MY GOOD FELLOW! THAT CHIMP IS ACTING LIKE ANY OTHER APE... IMITATING THE LAB WORKERS!



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THEN, ONE DAY, WORK AT THE INSTITUTE CAME TO A CLIMAX---

THERE YOU HAVE IT, GENTLEMEN, A MODEL OF THE SATELLITE THAT WILL CARRY THE **FIRST HUMAN BEING INTO SPACE!** THE ACTUAL SATELLITE HAS BEEN COMPLETELY TESTED AT THE PROVING GROUNDS!



THE FINAL TEST WILL COME WHEN WE LAUNCH IT OUT INTO SPACE!

FINAL TEST? GENERAL, YOU DON'T MEAN YOU'RE ACTUALLY GOING TO SEND UP A HUMAN BEING IN THAT THING WITHOUT FIRST---



RELAX, PROFESSOR GRIMM! WE'VE SPENT YEARS TRAINING OUR FIRST SPACEMEN--- THEY'RE FAR TOO VALUABLE TO RISK IN THESE EARLY EXPERIMENTS!



NO, WE'RE GOING TO STRAP SOME OTHER CREATURE IN THAT PILOT'S SEAT TO SEE HOW HE REACTS TO ACTUAL SPACE TRAVEL!

WHAT WE NEED FOR THE EXPERIMENT IS A BEAST THAT APPROXIMATES MAN IN HIS PHYSICAL STRUCTURE ---AND I KNOW **JUST** THE ANIMAL TO FILL THE BILL!



**SYLVESTER!**



AT THE SOUND OF HIS NAME, THE APE TURNED! SLOWLY, A NAMELESS FEAR CAME INTO HIS EYES---

**KREEKKK!**

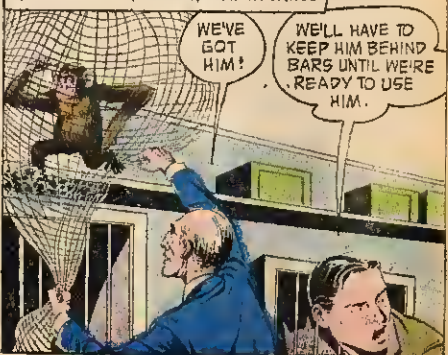
HE'S FRIGHTENED! FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER, THE BEAST SEEMS TO SENSE WHAT WE PLAN TO DO WITH HIM!



YES, SOMEHOW SYLVESTER SEEMED TO KNOW THEIR INTENTIONS! TREMBLING WITH DREAD, HE TRIED TO HIDE---BUT IT WAS IN VAIN!

WE'VE GOT HIM!

WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP HIM BEHIND BARS UNTIL WE'RE READY TO USE HIM.



**THE NEXT MORNING, SYLVESTER WAS SEALED IN THE SPACE CAPSULE---**

IT'S ALL SET, PROFESSOR GRIMM! THESE GAUGES WILL RECORD SYLVESTER'S EVERY PHYSICAL AND MENTAL REACTION---AND RADIO THE INFORMATION BACK TO EARTH!

GOOD! AND WE'VE LEFT ENOUGH FOOD FOR HIM TO LIVE ON TILL WE CAN GET HIM BACK TO EARTH!

THOSE CONTROLS---THEY WORRY ME! WHAT IF SYLVESTER SHOULD TOUCH THEM?

THERE'S NOTHING TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT, PROFESSOR! THE CONTROL LEVERS ARE LOCKED!

ONCE THE SATELLITE IS IN ORBIT, ITS MOVEMENT WILL BE GOVERNED BY REMOTE CONTROL! WHEN THE TIME COMES, RADIO INSTRUCTIONS WILL GUIDE THE VEHICLE BACK TO EARTH!

SPLENDID!

**YES, BUT THOUGH EVERYTHING HAD BEEN DONE FOR SYLVESTER'S CARE AND COMFORT, SOME OF THE SCIENTISTS WERE TROUBLED---**

I JUST CAN'T HELP REMEMBERING THE LOOK IN SYLVESTER'S EYES WHEN WE STRAPPED HIM IN THAT PILOT SEAT!

IT'S TOO LATE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW--- THEY'RE GOING TO START THE FINAL COUNT-DOWN IN A MOMENT. HEAD FOR THE BUNKER!

**SLOWLY, INEXORABLY, THE SECONDS TICKED PAST! THEN, ABRUPTLY, THE GREAT ROCKET WAS MOVING UPWARD FROM A SEETHING CAULDRON OF FLAME!**

THREE... TWO... ONE... **ZERO!**

THERE SHE GOES!

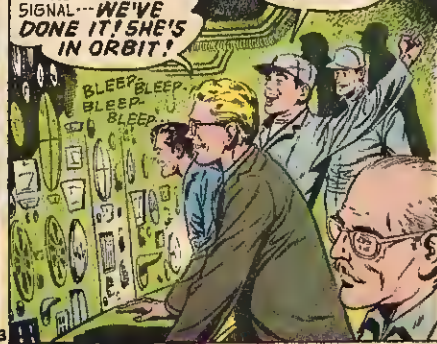
**WOOOSH!**

**UPWARD SPED THE ROCKET, CLIMBING ON A PILLAR OF FIRE, HURTLING INTO SPACE WITH THE POWER OF A MILLION DEMONS BEHIND IT! ONE BY ONE, THE PROPULSION UNITS DROPPED AWAY---**

**BACK IN THE CONTROL BUNKER, TECHNICIANS AND SCIENTISTS WAITED IN EXCITED ANXIETY UNTIL---**

THERE'S THE CODE SIGNAL---**WE'VE DONE IT! SHE'S IN ORBIT!**

**HURRAH!**

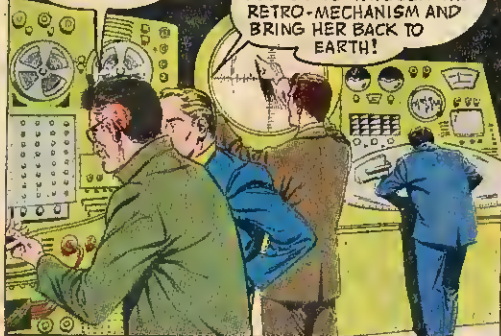




**ACROSS THE BLACKNESS OF SPACE CAME THE PULSING BEAT OF THE RADIO SIGNAL, THE KNOWLEDGE THAT WOULD GUIDE MANKIND TO THE STARS...**

WELL, WE'VE GOT ABOUT ALL THE INFORMATION WE NEED!

TWO MORE ROTATIONS AROUND THE ORBIT AND SHE'LL BE IN A POSITION FOR US TO TRIGGER THE RETRO-MECHANISM AND BRING HER BACK TO EARTH!



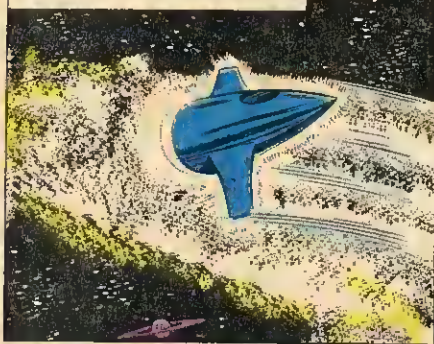
**AND THEN SUDDENLY, UNEXPECTEDLY... DISASTER!**

IT'S TRUE, I TELL YOU! LOOK AT THIS COSMIC RAY DATA!

THE SATELLITE IS ORBITING IN A BAND OF HIGH RADIATION THAT CIRCLES THE EARTH! THIS COULD UPSET OUR WHOLE EXPERIMENT!



**YES, IT WAS ONLY TOO TRUE! OUT IN THE BLACKNESS OF SPACE, THE CAPSULE THAT WAS THE PITIFUL HANDIWORK OF MAN WAS TRAPPED IN A DEADLY RING OF INVISIBLE DESTRUCTION!**



**AND DEEP INSIDE THE SPACE VEHICLE, THE MASSIVE RADIATION WAS HITTING HOME...**

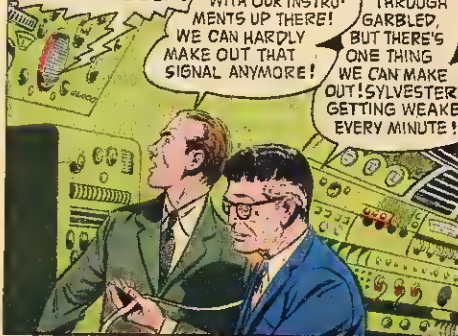


**BACK IN THE BUNKER, THE SIGNALS GREW WEAKER WITH EACH HOUR...**

BEEP... SPUTTER  
- SPUTTER - BEEP!

THAT RADIATION'S PLAYING HAVOC WITH OUR INSTRUMENTS UP THERE! WE CAN HARDLY MAKE OUT THAT SIGNAL ANYMORE!

THE DATA IS COMING THROUGH GARBLED, BUT THERE'S ONE THING WE CAN MAKE OUT! SYLVESTER'S GETTING WEAKER EVERY MINUTE!



IN HEAVEN'S NAME, MAN, TRIGGER THAT RETRO-MECHANISM! GET THAT VEHICLE OUT OF ORBIT... AND BACK TO EARTH SOMEHOW!

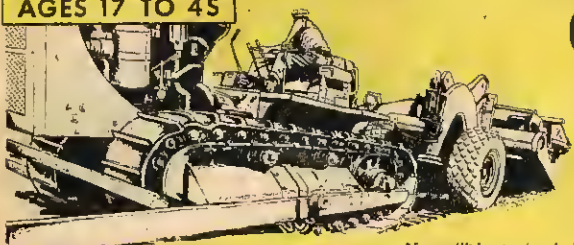
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, SIR... OUR SIGNALS CAN'T GET THROUGH! THE ENTIRE COMMUNICATION SYSTEM HAS BEEN DESTROYED!



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

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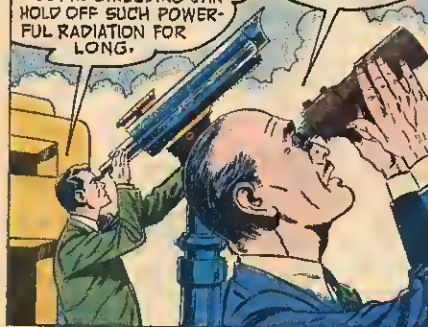




THEN, ABRUPTLY, ALL WAS SILENT... AS PEOPLE  
SCANNED THE SKIES...

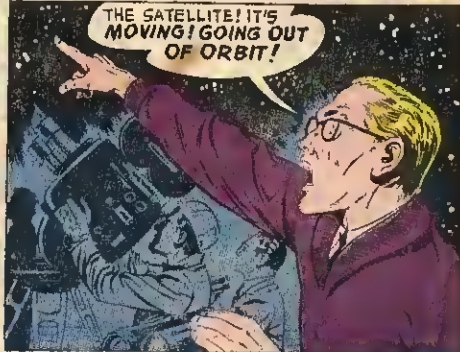
THAT CAPSULE IS SHIELDED  
...BUT NO SHIELDING CAN  
HOLD OFF SUCH POWER-  
FUL RADIATION FOR  
LONG.

POOR  
SYLVESTER!



AS DAY FOLLOWED DAY, THE LONELY BUBBLE IN  
SPACE WAS ALMOST FORGOTTEN... UNTIL ONE  
NIGHT, AT AN ISOLATED TRACKING STATION...

THE SATELLITE! IT'S  
MOVING! GOING OUT  
OF ORBIT!



I TELL YOU, IT'S  
INEVITABLE! THAT  
FALLING SATELLITE  
WILL BURN UP AS  
SOON AS IT HITS  
THE EARTH'S  
ATMOSPHERE!

AND I SAY  
YOU'RE DEAD  
**WRONG!**  
THAT SPACE  
VEHICLE IS  
**NOT** FALLING!  
IT'S HEADING  
BACK TO EARTH  
**UNDER  
CONTROL!**

**YES, BY EVERY LAW OF SCIENCE,  
THE SATELLITE SHOULD HAVE  
PLUNGED BACK TO EARTH A  
SCARRED AND BURNING MASS!  
AND YET THERE IT WAS, SPIRALING  
SLOWLY EARTHWARD...**

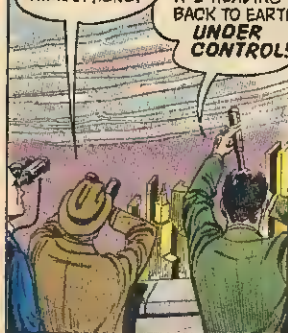
BUT I TELL YOU  
THE CONTROLS  
ARE LOCKED IN  
PLACE! I'LL WAGER  
MY LIFE THAT  
CAPSULE CAN'T  
LAND SAFELY!

BETTER  
HEDGE ON  
THAT BET,  
GENERAL!  
SOMETHING  
TELLS ME YOU'RE  
GOING TO  
**LOSE!**

**A DAY LATER, THE SATELLITE  
RETURNED TO EARTH... LOWERING  
ITSELF GENTLY ON THE FLAMING  
PILLAR OF FIRE THAT JETTED  
FROM ITS ROCKET TUBES!**

**INCREDIBLE!  
IT'S LANDING RIGHT  
ON THE CONCRETE  
LAUNCHING PAD!  
SOMEONE MUST  
BE AT THE  
CONTROLS!**

BUT WHO?  
**WHAT?**  
**NOTHING**  
COULD HAVE  
LIVED THROUGH  
ALL THAT  
RADIATION!



THEN, IN THE NEXT NERVE-SHATTERING MOMENT,  
THE DOOR OF THE CAPSULE SLOWLY OPENED, AND...

IT... IT'S  
**SYLVESTER!**



WHAT HAPPENED NEXT WAS ENOUGH TO SHATTER  
THE MIND AND DRIVE THEM TO THE BRINK OF  
MADNESS...

**YES, IT IS SYLVESTER! IT  
WAS I WHO GUIDED YOUR  
SATELLITE BACK TO  
EARTH!**

I MUST BE GOING  
OUT OF MY MIND!  
**HE'S SPEAKING!**  
SYLVESTER IS  
**TALKING TO  
US!**





THEY FOUGHT FOR THE STRENGTH  
TO STAND THERE AND FACE THE  
INCREDIBLE...

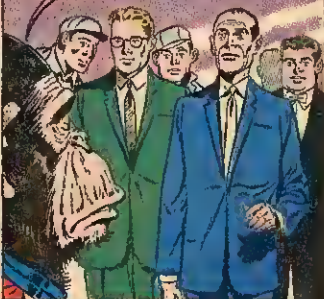
S-SYLVESTER, THERE  
MUST BE SOME  
EXPLANATION TO  
ALL THIS! THERE M-MUST  
BE AN ANSWER...

YES, THERE  
IS AN ANSWER!  
IT HAPPENED  
UP  
THERE!

WHEN I AWOKE UP THERE, THERE  
WAS A BURNING IN MY BRAIN...  
A PAIN THAT SEEMED TO  
LAST FOREVER...



THEN, SUDDENLY, THE PAIN WAS GONE  
AND SOMEHOW EVERYTHING WAS  
CHANGED! I KNEW SO MANY THINGS  
I DID NOT UNDERSTAND BEFORE! NOW,  
I COULD SPEAK THE TONGUE OF MAN  
WHICH WAS SO FAMILIAR TO ME...



AS FOR THE SATELLITE CONTROLS  
...I MASTERED THEM IN A FEW  
MOMENTS! IT WAS LIKE CHILD'S  
PLAY!

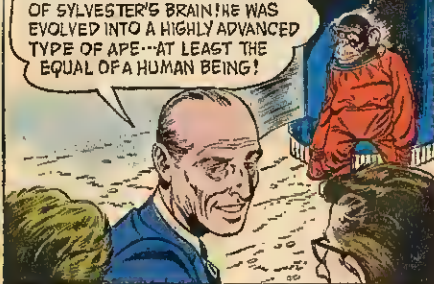
UNBELIEVABLE!



BUT PROFESSOR GRIMM WAS A SCIENTIST! ALREADY  
HIS SHREWD, CALCULATING BRAIN WAS ANALYZING THE  
FACTS...

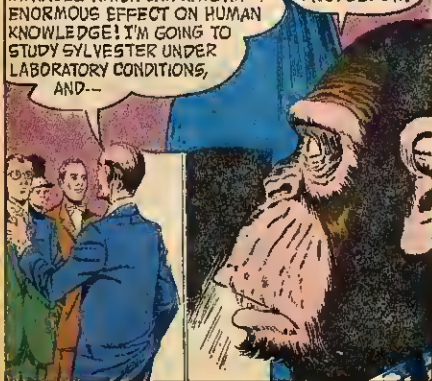
IT'S ALL PERFECTLY  
NATURAL, GENTLEMEN! ALL  
THAT RADIATION HAS SOMEHOW  
ALTERED THE WAVE-PATTERNS  
OF SYLVESTER'S BRAIN! HE WAS  
EVOLVED INTO A HIGHLY ADVANCED  
TYPE OF APE...AT LEAST  
THE EQUAL OF A HUMAN BEING!

YOU ARE VERY  
KIND, PROFESSOR  
GRIMM!



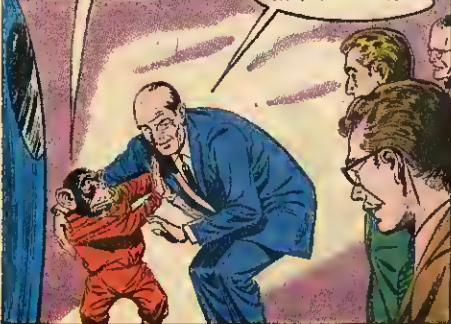
MEN, THIS IS A SCIENTIFIC  
MIRACLE WHICH CAN HAVE AN  
ENORMOUS EFFECT ON HUMAN  
KNOWLEDGE! I'M GOING TO  
STUDY SYLVESTER UNDER  
LABORATORY CONDITIONS,  
AND...

ONE MOMENT,  
PROFESSOR!



I HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF  
YOUR EXPERIMENTS! I AM  
NOT ANXIOUS TO TAKE PART  
IN ANYMORE OF THEM!

NOW, SYLVESTER, I'M  
SURE WE CAN COME  
TO SOME AGREEMENT!  
LET'S TALK THIS OVER  
AT THE INSTITUTE!

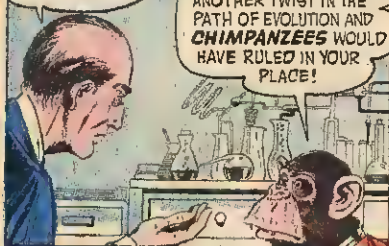




**TO PROFESSOR GRIMM, SYLVESTER WAS STILL AN APE, A DESPISED MEMBER OF A LOWER SPECIES! BUT THE APE REMAINED ADAMANT...**

BUT SYLVESTER, YOU SHOULD SUBMIT TO MY INVESTIGATION...FOR THE GOOD OF **MANKIND!**

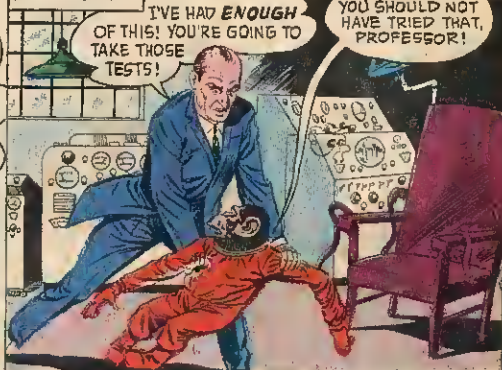
I HAVE NO INTEREST IN HUMAN-KIND PROFESSOR! MAN IS RULER OF THE EARTH ONLY BY ACCIDENT! ANOTHER TWIST IN THE PATH OF EVOLUTION AND **CHIMPANZEES** WOULD HAVE RULED IN YOUR PLACE!



**ANGERED BY SYLVESTER'S DEFIANCE, GRIMM FORGOT HIMSELF MOMENTARILY...**

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS! YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE THOSE TESTS!

YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE TRIED THAT, PROFESSOR!



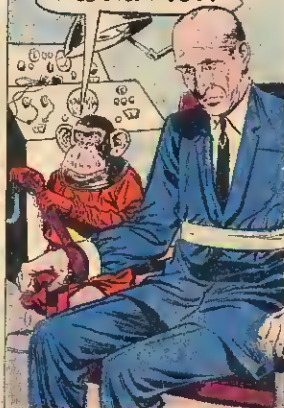
**AN INSTANT LATER, THE SCIENTIST FOUND HIMSELF STARING INTO SYLVESTER'S EYES, TWO DARK POOLS OF UNFATHOMABLE POWER...A POWER THAT GRIPPED HIM AND HELD HIM FAST...**

YES, PROFESSOR GRIMM, IT IS **YOU** WHO WILL OBEY **MY** ORDERS! NOW...GO TO THAT CHAIR!

I-- WILL-- DO...AS YOU SAY!



THE TABLES ARE TURNED, PROFESSOR! IT IS I WHO WILL STUDY **YOU!**



**ALL THAT NIGHT SYLVESTER PROBED AND TESTED, USING THE LABORATORY INSTRUMENTS TO ANALYZE THE BRILLIANT BRAIN OF THE PROFESSOR! AT LAST, IN THE DAWN...**

I HAVE IT ALL NOW...FROM THIS PUNY MIND, I HAVE ABSORBED THE SUM TOTAL OF HUMAN SCIENCE!



**IT WAS HOURS LATER THAT THEY FOUND THE PROFESSOR--**

SYLVESTER--HE STRAPPED ME IN HERE, QUESTIONED ME, TESTED ME!

DON'T WORRY, PROFESSOR, WE'LL TRACK DOWN THAT APE!



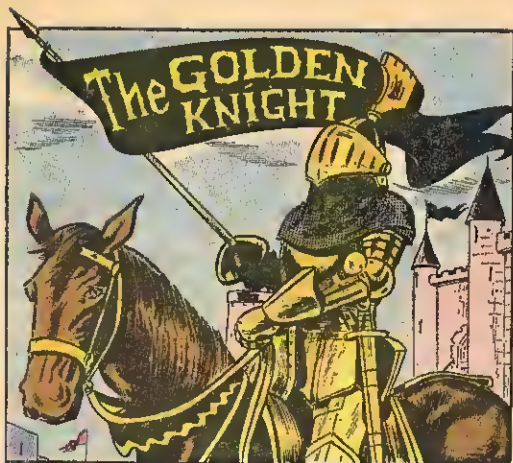
**THEY NEVER DID FIND SYLVESTER AGAIN! BUT SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE, A GROWING BAND OF PRIMATES GATHERS DAILY TO LISTEN TO THE STRANGER WHO HAD COME TO LEAD THEM OUT OF THE DARK AEONS...AND TOWARDS WORLD MASTERY!**



THE END!







AS THE TOWN OF LORRAINE FELL BEFORE THE BRUTAL ASSAULT OF DUKE NERO'S INVADERS, THE PEOPLE PRAYED FOR HELP ...

THE GOLDEN KNIGHT WILL HELP US IN OUR HOUR OF NEED!

OUR LEGENDS SAY HE WILL ANSWER THE CALL OF THE PEOPLE WHENEVER THEY NEED HIM!



BUT THE GOLDEN KNIGHT STOOD SILENTLY IN HIS NICHE AS THE DUKE SEIZED THE TOWN AND BROUGHT LORRAINE'S PATRIOTS TO TRIAL ...

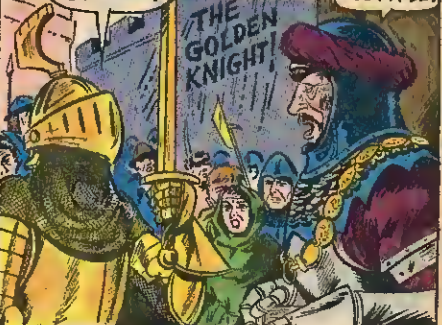
FOR RESISTING MY TROOPS, YOU ARE GUILTY OF TREASON! I SENTENCE YOU TO THE GALLOWS!



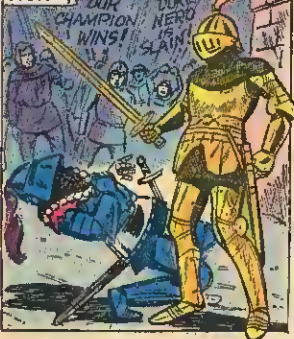
IT WAS THEN THAT A CLARION VOICE RANG OUT OVER THE SQUARE ...

DUKE NERO, I SPEAK FOR YOUR VICTIMS! ON THEIR BEHALF, I CHALLENGE YOU TO A TRIAL BY COMBAT!

A TRIAL BY COMBAT? SO LET IT BE!

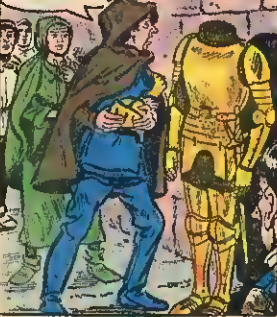


THEY FOUGHT THEN BY LANCE AND SWORD--AND THE GOLDEN KNIGHT WAS INVINCIBLE! DUKE NERO FELL BENEATH HIS MIGHTY BLOWS!



WITH THEIR LEADER GONE, THE INVADERS FLED! BUT WHEN THE PEOPLE SURROUNDED THE CHAMPION--

THE SUIT OF ARMOR--IT IS EMPTY!



TODAY, THE GOLDEN KNIGHT STANDS IN THE TOWN SQUARE ONCE MORE! ACTUALLY, HE IS NOTHING BUT A SUIT OF GILDED ARMOR, BUT THE CHILDREN OF LORRAINE ALL KNOW THE LEGEND!

YES, MONSIEUR, IT IS TRUE! WHENEVER THE PEOPLE OF LORRAINE CALL HIM,

THE GOLDEN KNIGHT WILL ANSWER THEM IN THEIR NEED!



THE END!



# From **YOUR EDITOR-** to **YOU!**

"*Forbidden Worlds*" fans! This month's profile concerns Brad Everson, author of "*The Answer Machine*", as well as many other stories you've read in this magazine. That's a pen name he uses—he won't even tell us his real name. Seems that he's a science instructor in a midwest college and he's gunning for a professorship. Since he ought to be spending his time writing for scientific publications, he apparently thinks it better to conceal his true identity. The fact is that he just can't resist magazines of the type of "*Forbidden Worlds*" and "*Adventures Into The Unknown*". "They're not stuffed shirts," he says, "and they encourage pure and creative imagination. The result is sheer entertainment—which I go for!" And we're glad he does, since it's given us the opportunity of presenting some first-rate Everson efforts to you readers. Brad's just about the mildest-looking man you've ever met. Don't let that fool you, because he is mild! He's only had one hairbreadth adventure in his life, and that took place in Hungary, shortly after the second World War. Seems he got into a disagreement with a hothead who challenged him to a duel, and poor Brad didn't even know which was the business end of a sword. Prudent American officials insisted on rushing him out of the country, which didn't sit well with Brad. Immediately upon his return, he took up fencing and practiced to such good effect that he's now regarded as one of the best swordsmen around. He's been trying to get a visa for a return trip to Hungary, but the Department of State won't grant it—they've got an idea of what's in his mind! As for us, we're happy that he's here, because that gives us a chance at his stories! We'd like your opinion of his stuff, if you're not scared of that sword of his. Write to us, please, including any opinions you may have on our magazine in general. Send your letter to The Editor, "*Forbidden Worlds*", 347 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Here are some selected opinions that other readers have sent in:

"Dear Editor:—

Just finished the March issue of '*Forbidden Worlds*' and here's my rundown on the stories. '*The Glittering Nightmare*'—good story, but let down at the end. '*Professor Benton's Batters*'—a good story with a good moral to boot. '*From Your Editor To You*'—swell reading—remarks on stories and a chance for the readers to say hello. '*The Second Henry Stone*'—nice pictures. Story? Whoops—you goofed! Didn't care much for it. '*In The Beginning*'—held me spellbound until the end, good story. My conclusion: Like your magazine, but would prefer more Time Machine type stories. Maybe you can sneak in a Ray Bradbury story once

in a while. Much success in future issues!"  
—Herbert M. Siegel, Chelsea, Mass."

We can't entirely agree about the ending of "*Glittering Nightmare*"—we thought it was handled okay. If you had anything else in mind, we'd like to know it. However, we feel that you're dead right about "*Second Henry Stone*". That one was far from a ball of fire.

"Dear Allen:—

Every month, we Saturnians come to Earth to get a few thousand copies of '*Forbidden Worlds*' and '*Adventures Into The Unknown*'. We then go all over the Solar System selling them for their stories and opinions. By the end of two of your days, we are all sold out, because everything throughout Space reads and enjoys your two magazines. We recently conducted a poll, and the conclusion was that one of the best stories you ever carried was '*There's A New Moon Tonight*'. The most amusing story, according to the poll, was '*The Alien Germs*', because nothing in the whole universe looks like those spacemen you had. Of course, I am not criticizing your artists, for they do a good job, in spite of their narrow imaginations. This is the first time I have decided to write, since I have other things on my mind—invasion defense and things like that. But I must congratulate you on the grand job you and your staff are doing. You are bringing enjoyment to the whole Solar System. Someday soon, I'll visit you in person, and award you a pure gold comic. Meanwhile, keep up the splendid job you're doing. After all, we don't like to travel millions of miles to be disappointed—but so far we haven't been!

—Warren Meth, Chief Commando, SRAF.  
(Saturnian Rocket Air Force)"

Another spaceman heard from—this sure is getting to be a real invasion! We're getting out a special issue for your planet soon, to compete with the Saturnian Evening Post. Watch our crazy ads for Zoot Space Suits with Rocket Pockets and Beat Pleats!

"Dear Editor:—

On the whole, '*Forbidden Worlds*' is real sharp, but certainly you can do better than issue No. 74, which was one of the rankest messes you've ever turned out. '*Past, Present and Future*' wasn't too bad, but '*A Highly Localized Snowfall*' and '*Second Visit*' didn't send me at all. But you pulled yourself out of the fire nicely with issue No. 75. '*Somewhere I'll Find You*' and '*Strange Journey*' were two of your very best, and '*Legend Of The Clock*' was good also. But for gosh sakes, get rid of those 'hypnosis' and 'occult' stories. I'd

rather read about werewolves and zombies than that stuff. Good luck!

—J. Patton, Park Ridge, Ill."

Come there, J. Patton, issue No. 74 just could not be that bad! Pretty bad, maybe, but not awful! Seriously, though, it takes many varieties of taste to evaluate stories. Many of our readers went all out for the issue which you criticize, and were crazy about such yarns as "Highly Localized Snowfall". That doesn't mean that you can't be right, however!

"Dear Editor:—

Just read the April and March issues of 'Forbidden Worlds' and here are my ratings: 'The Golden Doom', swell — 'Orango The Mighty', really good—'The Castle of Kraken', tops — 'Safari To The Stars', terrific — 'The Glittering Nightmare', swell—'Professor Benton's Bette's', okay—'The Second Henry Stone', good—'In The Beginning', beyond words. 'Forbidden Worlds' and 'Adventures Into The Unknown' are the best comics I've ever read. A loyal fan—

—Robert Hancock, Springfield, Mo."

Nice of you to say such sweet things, Robert—but we think you're too easy to satisfy. Our own reaction is that two of the yarns of which you approve weren't nearly as good as you indicate. We're talking about "Orango The Mighty" and "The Second Henry Stone". In the future, we're going to try to do better than these two.

"Dear Editor:—

I think your mag stinks. Well, it's not that bad, it's quite amusing. In fact, now that you stop to think about it, it's literally out of this world. I have just finished reading No. 76, and I think that 'Professor Benton's Bette's' was just tops. 'The Second Henry Stone' was okay, but I think 'The Glittering Nightmare' was corny. As for 'In The Beginning', it wasn't at all as good as you played it up to be. How could uncivilized beings emerge out of such an advanced civilization as the 'old ones' must have come from? All in all, however, your magazine usually prints great stories. Incidentally, I notice that one of your artists signs his name 'John R.' Is this his full name, does he wish to remain anonymous or what? Anyway, he's a great artist, and if I were he, I'd plaster my name all over the place.

—Peter Kurtz, New York, N. Y."

You're quite a kiddier, Pete! It sure is a matter of taste, isn't it? We'd take "The Glittering Nightmare" in preference to "The Second Henry Stone" any day in the week. As to how uncivilized beings could emerge out of an advanced civilization, just try dropping a few H-Bombs, and you'll see for yourself—or probably won't. "John R." is John Francis Rosenberger taking a short cut, and we agree with you on his excellent art!

"Dear Editor:—

Just finished reading the latest 'Forbidden Worlds' and decided to write you. I like most of the stories you print—especially 'In The Beginning'. The plots I like best are the ones presenting new and fascinating theories, as well as odd facts. This makes me wonder where you dig up the information in your stories. The only two answers I can figure out are that your writers read a lot or are graduates in science—which one is it?

—H. E. Neumann, Montreal, Canada."

We prefer to think that the answer is that we employ geniuses as writers. Seriously, though, we try to employ highly intelligent men with active and vivid imaginations and a solid background in theory and fact.

"Dear Editor:—

I just thought I'd drop a line or two telling you that everyone won't praise you. (That's what you expect from the way you answer letters.) You say 'Write and tell us your opinion of our magazine.' Some people just plain dislike your comic and have enough courage to tell you, and you insult them, and call them cranks. If you don't want any disagreement from readers, just write on top of the editor's page—'All we want is praise'. Me, I liked your book when I first started reading it, but now I think some of the stories—or shall I say fantasies—are stupid. Answer this, smarty, and don't you dare call me a crank.

—Lorie Baxter, New York, N. Y.

Most assuredly, we don't put you in the crank category, Lorie. Cranks are those who attack without any valid reason, and generally in an abusive fashion. You and anybody else have the perfect right to hate our magazine. All that we ask is that we be told why. You haven't done so—so how can we try to satisfy you?

"Dear Editor:—

I never thought I would come across a magazine such as 'Forbidden Worlds' that I really enjoyed. But now I have and I'm sure that many, many more people think the same. I enjoy stories written by Shane O'Shea the best. He may be only 26 years old, but he writes like he's done it all his life. Welcome aboard, Shane, and keep writing those wonderful yarns! I also enjoy 'From Your Editor To You'. How can people write crank letters to such geniuses as yourself? They may be pains in the neck, but they're amusing. Me, I have absolutely no complaints—just keep up the good work! A very, very satisfied reader—

—Chuck Vickers, Warren, Mich."

Say, Chuck—that genius jazz. Would you mind repeating it louder, and in the presence of our publisher? That's the only way the Editor can get a raise around here! Shane O'Shea has already gotten his!



YOU'VE ALL READ OF PRODIGES THAT NEVER PAN OUT IN LATER LIFE, BRILLIANT CHILDREN WHO SOMEHOW FAIL TO LIVE UP TO THEIR PROMISE! NOW READ ABOUT **FESTUS GILBY**, WHO COULD HAVE BECOME THE GREATEST GENIUS MANKIND HAD EVER KNOWN, BUT INSTEAD BECAME...

# The ANSWER MACHINE!

**STORY:**  
BRAD EVERSON  
**ART:**  
BECK-COSTANZA

WHILE THE WHOLE COUNTRY WATCHED IN AWE, YOUNG FESTUS GILBY ANSWERED THE FINAL QUESTION ON A NATIONWIDE CONTEST...

...AND TRAVELING AT 25,000 MILES PER HOUR, IT WOULD TAKE A MAN 1333 DAYS TO COMPLETE SUCH A SPACE JOURNEY!

IT'S AMAZING! HE GETS EVERY ANSWER RIGHT, EVEN TO THE MOST COMPLICATED FORMULAS IN PHYSICS AND MATHEMATICS!

YOUNG GILBY'S INEXHAUSTIBLE FUND OF KNOWLEDGE STIRRED CONTROVERSIES ACROSS THE COUNTRY...

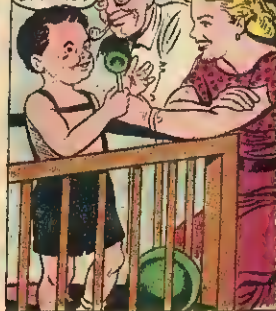
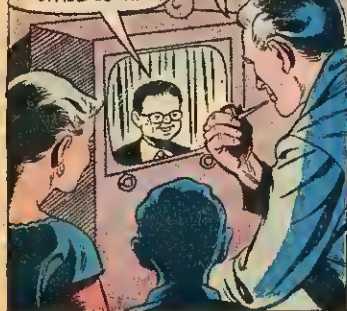
BAH! THAT GILBY'S JUST ONE OF THOSE FREAKS!

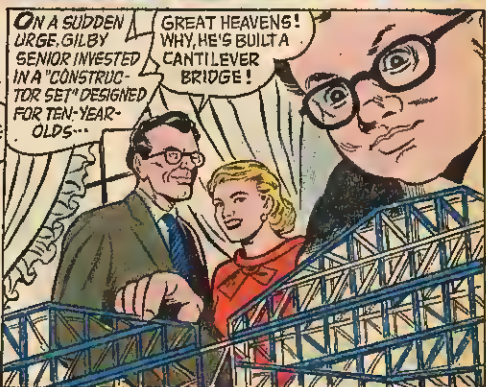
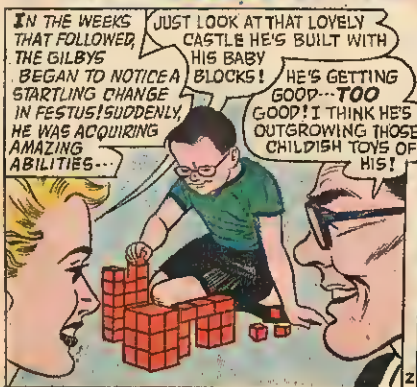
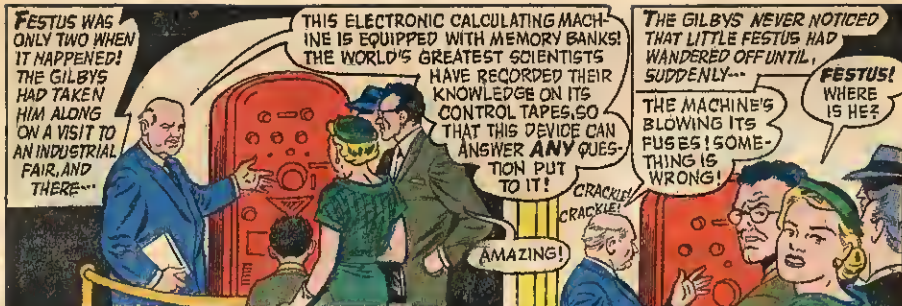
I SAY HE'S A GENIUS!

NO, FESTUS GILBY WAS NO ORDINARY MAN-- EVEN THOUGH HE HAD STARTED LIFE AS A PERFECTLY ORDINARY LITTLE BOY...

OH, ISN'T OUR FESTUS A DARLING?

AND SMART, TOO! TAKES AFTER MY SIDE OF THE FAMILY WHEN IT COMES TO BRAINS!







IN THE NEXT FEW MONTHS, FESTUS  
ADVANCED EVEN MORE RAPIDLY AND  
ONE MORNING THEY DISCOVERED HE'D  
TAUGHT HIMSELF TO READ AND WRITE...

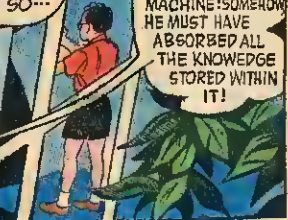
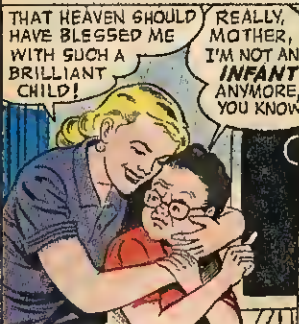
THAT HEAVEN SHOULD  
HAVE BLESSED ME  
WITH SUCH A  
BRILLIANT  
CHILD!

REALLY,  
MOTHER,  
I'M NOT AN  
**INFANT**  
ANYMORE,  
YOU KNOW!

MRS. GILBY SOON  
FOUND HER LITTLE  
SON A STRANGER...

MY OWN LITTLE BOY  
REJECTING ME! I---  
I JUST CAN'T UNDER-  
STAND WHAT'S MADE  
HIM CHANGE SO...

IT ALL STARTED  
WHEN HE  
SHORT-CIRCUITED  
THAT CALCULATING  
MACHINE! SOMEHOW  
HE MUST HAVE  
ABSORBED ALL  
THE KNOWLEDGE  
STORED WITHIN  
IT!



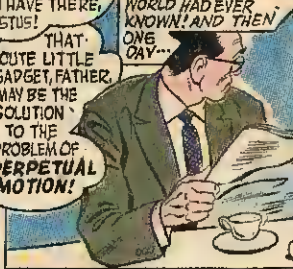
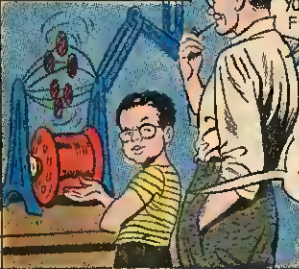
WITHIN A YEAR, FESTUS HAD MASTERED  
ADVANCED MATHEMATICS AND PHYSICS,  
AND WAS CONDUCTING  
HIM OWN EXPERIMENTS...

SAY THAT'S  
A CUTE  
LITTLE GADGET  
YOU HAVE THERE,  
FESTUS!

THAT  
CUTE LITTLE  
GADGET, FATHER,  
MAY BE THE  
SOLUTION  
TO THE  
PROBLEM OF  
**PERPETUAL  
MOTION!**

YES, IT WAS  
OBVIOUS TO THE  
GILBYS THAT THEY HAD  
A PRODIGY ON THEIR  
HANDS--POSSIBLY THE  
GREATEST GENIUS THE  
WORLD HAD EVER  
KNOWN! AND THEN  
ONE DAY...

**ZOOM!**



WHAT HE SAW DOWN IN THAT BASEMENT HE  
WOULD NEVER FORGET...

**FESTUS! GREAT  
HEAVENS, WHAT'S  
THAT?**

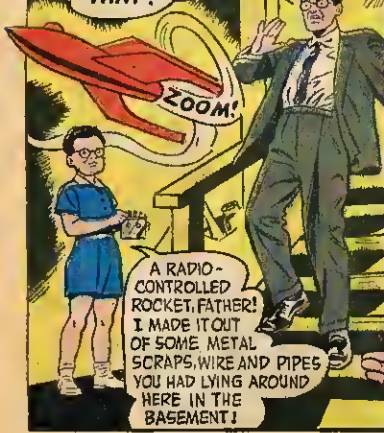
**ZOOM!**

A RADIO-  
CONTROLLED  
ROCKET, FATHER!  
I MADE IT OUT  
OF SOME METAL  
SCRAPS, WIRE AND PIPES  
YOU HAD LYING AROUND  
HERE IN THE  
BASEMENT!

BUT HOW DOES IT RUN?  
WHAT DO YOU USE FOR  
POWER?

IT'S AN ENTIRELY NEW  
PRINCIPLE! I'D EXPLAIN,  
BUT I THINK IT'S TOO  
COMPLICATED FOR  
YOU TO UNDER-  
STAND!

NOBODY'D BELIEVE ME  
IF I TOLD THEM! I'LL  
HAVE TO TAKE A PICTURE  
OF THIS JUST TO **PROVE**  
IT!



MOMENTS LATER HE WAS DOWN IN THE BASEMENT, HIS CAMERA READY! HE SLIPPED DOWN THE STAIRWAY QUIETLY...

FESTUS IS ABSORBED IN THAT ROCKET! THIS IS MY CHANCE TO GET A REAL ACTION SHOT WITH THIS FLASH CAMERA!

THE BRILLIANT GLARE STARTLED THE YOUNG INVENTOR...

THE LIGHT! OH...

POP!

WITH HIS HANDS OFF THE CONTROLS, FESTUS' ROCKET CHANGED ITS PATH AND...

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

THUMP!

LITTLE FESTUS RECOVERED BUT THAT BLOW HAD BROUGHT AN INCREDIBLE CHANGE IN THE LAD...

THE BOY WAS UNCONSCIOUS...

FESTUS, MY LITTLE FESTUS! WHAT HAPPENED?

HOLD HIM, MOTHER, I'VE GOT TO CALL THE DOCTOR AT ONCE!

MOMMY, GIVE FESTUS LOLLIPOP! FESTUS GOOD LITTLE BOY!

HE'S A BABY AGAIN! HE'S MY OWN SWEET BABY ONCE MORE!

BUT WHAT IF THAT ACCIDENT HADN'T HAPPENED? WHAT IF THE GENIUS OF FESTUS GILBY HAD BEEN ALLOWED TO FLOURISH--WHAT WONDERS WOULD HE HAVE BESTOWED UPON THE WORLD?

YES, ALL FESTUS' REMARKABLE ABILITIES WERE GONE! ALL THAT IS LEFT IS HIS AMAZING MEMORY--THE MEMORY THAT HELPS HIM WIN ONE QUIZ PROGRAM AFTER ANOTHER!

QUIZ



THE END!



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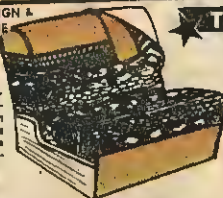
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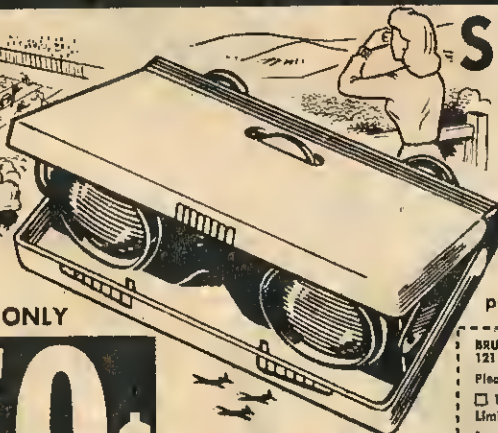
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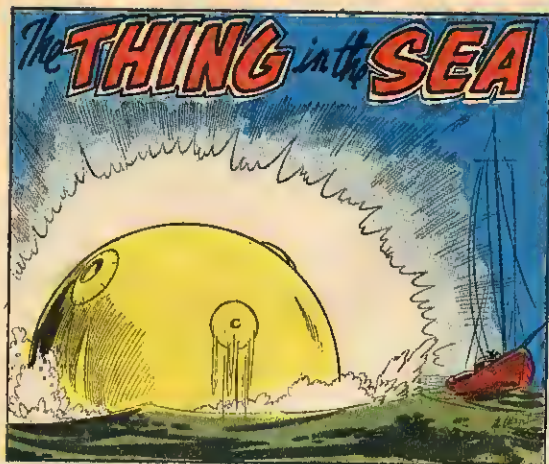
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1 enclosed: ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order  
Sorry, No. C.O.D.'s.

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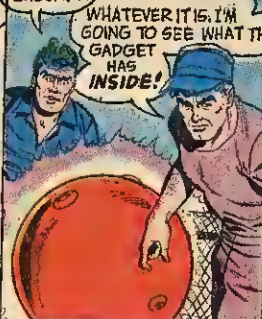
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



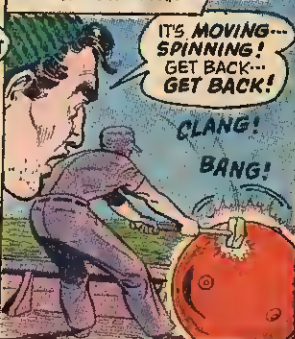
THOUGH MADE OF METAL, THE THING ACTED AS IF IT WERE STRANGELY ALIVE! A TOUCH BROUGHT INSTANT REACTION--



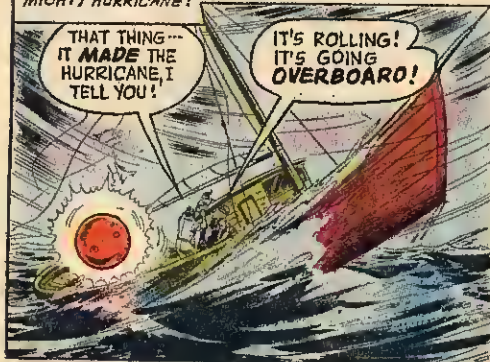
LOOK, THIS COULD BE SOME KIND OF MISSILE OR WARHEAD! AFTER ALL, WE'RE NOT FAR FROM THE ROCKET TESTING GROUNDS!



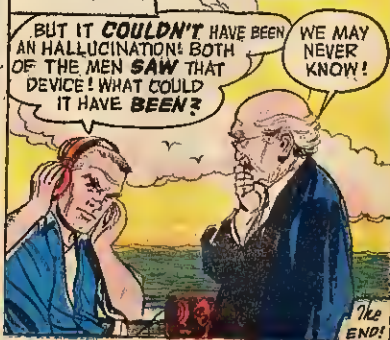
FOOLISHLY, THE FISHERMAN TRIED TO OPEN THE DEVICE BY FORCE! WHAT HAPPENED NEXT TURNED THEM PALE WITH FEAR--



THEN, INEXPLICABLY, A FIERCE WIND AROSE! IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS, THEY WERE CAUGHT IN THE GRIP OF A MIGHTY HURRICANE!



YES, WHATEVER IT WAS, THE MYSTERIOUS OBJECT WAS LOST IN THE SEA! FOR MONTHS SCIENTISTS HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR IT-- BUT IN VAIN!



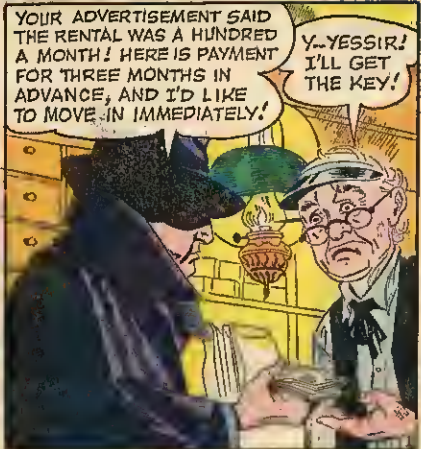


From the moment **The STRANGER** arrived, things began to happen -- strange incidents which at first whetted curiosity, then brought wonderment -- and finally FEAR!

# THE STRANGER



**I**N A SMALL NEW ENGLAND TOWN, LATE ONE FALL EVENING...



THE KEY IN HIS POSSESSION,  
THE STRANGER TURNED  
AT THE DOOR...

ONE THING MORE!  
I WILL EXPECT  
COMPLETE PRIVACY,  
AND I WILL RECEIVE  
NO CALLERS UNDER  
ANY CIRCUMSTANCES!  
IS THAT CLEAR?

ER--  
QUITE  
CLEAR!

AND WHEN THE DOOR SLAMMED  
SHUT BEHIND HIM...

A FUNNY  
ONE, BUT HE  
PAID UP WITHOUT  
A WHIMPER!  
GUESS HE'S  
ALL RIGHT!

I WOULDN'T BE  
SURE ABOUT  
ANYTHIN',  
HENRY! HE'S  
A STRANGER.  
AIN'T HE? AN'  
ALL STRANGERS  
BEAR WATCHIN'!

THE NEWS OF THE STRANGER'S ARRIVAL  
SPREAD, AND BY THE END OF THE WEEK...

YOU SAY THEY'RE  
BOTH FOR THE  
STRANGER, GEORGE?  
DOES THE BILL OF  
LADING DECLARE  
THE CONTENTS?

NOPE! BUT THEY  
COME UP FROM  
BOSTON! CAN'T  
SAY WHAT'S IN 'EM,  
BUT THEY SURE GOT  
PLENTY OF HEFT!

AND WHEN THE HEAVY TRUNKS WERE DELIVERED TO  
THE LITTLE COTTAGE IN PECKHAM WOODS...

YOU HEARD WHAT  
I SAID! LEAVE THEM  
OUTSIDE AND GO AWAY!  
I'LL TAKE CARE OF  
THEM MYSELF!

SUIT  
YOURSELF!

THE TOWNSFOLK WONDERED ABOUT THIS STRANGE  
DESIRE FOR SOLITUDE! THEN ONE NIGHT, AS  
TWO HUNTERS PASSED THE COTTAGE...

LOOK, CHARLIE!  
DO YOU SEE  
WHAT  
I SEE?

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

IT'S ALL  
LIT UP WITH  
A STRANGE  
LIGHT!

IT'S COMING FROM  
THE INSIDE! I--I'VE  
NEVER SEEN  
ANYTHING  
LIKE IT!

BUT A MOMENT LATER...

IT WENT  
OUT! JUST  
LIKE THAT!

I DON'T LIKE THIS,  
TOM, AND IT'S SOME-  
THING FOLKS OUGHTA  
KNOW ABOUT! C'MON,  
LET'S GET OUT  
OF HERE!



BY THE EVENING OF THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE STORY HAD MADE THE ROUNDS AND FEELING WAS RUNNING HIGH...

I TELL YOU, BOYS, THIS IS NOTHIN' TO FOOL WITH! SOMETHIN' MIGHTY PECULIAR IS GOIN' ON IN THAT COTTAGE, AN' WE GOT A RIGHT TO KNOW WHAT!

NOW WE DON'T WANT TO BE HASTY, FELLAS! WHEN YOU COME RIGHT DOWN TO IT, HE'S DONE NO HARM!



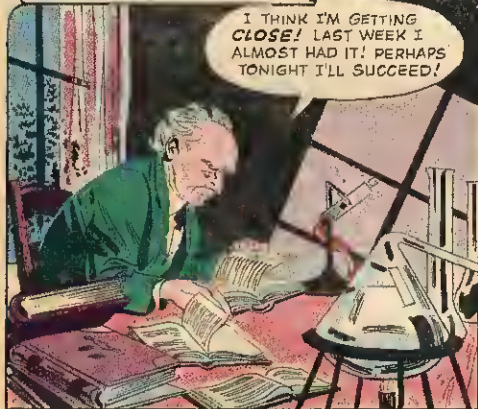
AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO WAIT TILL HE DOES! I TELL YOU, WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

THAT'S RIGHT! WE BOTH SEEN IT! -- THE WHOLE PLACE GLOWIN' LIKE IT WAS FILLED WITH SPOOKS! SCARED ME CLEAN THROUGH!



MEANWHILE, IN THE CABIN OCCUPIED BY THE STRANGER...

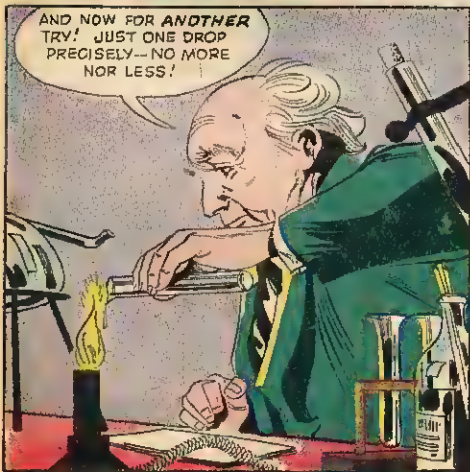
I THINK I'M GETTING CLOSE! LAST WEEK I ALMOST HAD IT! PERHAPS TONIGHT I'LL SUCCEED!



ACCORDING TO THE ANCIENT VOLUMES, I'M ON THE RIGHT PATH! IT'S ALL A QUESTION OF BALANCE BETWEEN THE MIXTURES, AND A SINGLE HAIR'S BREADTH CAN MAKE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FAILURE OR SUCCESS!



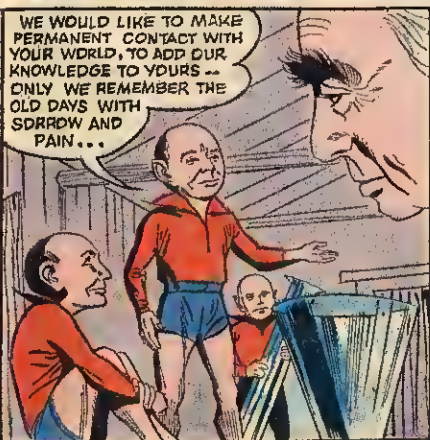
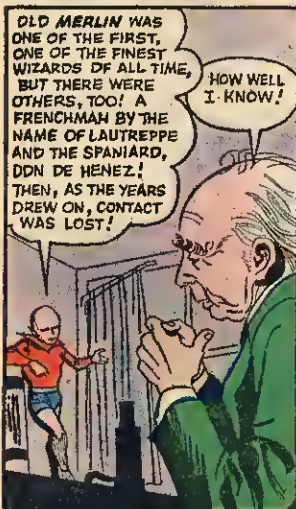
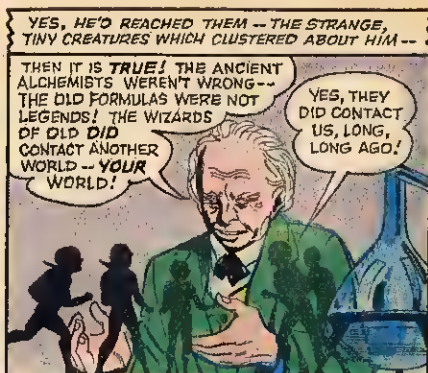
AND NOW FOR ANOTHER TRY! JUST ONE DROP PRECISELY--NO MORE NOR LESS!



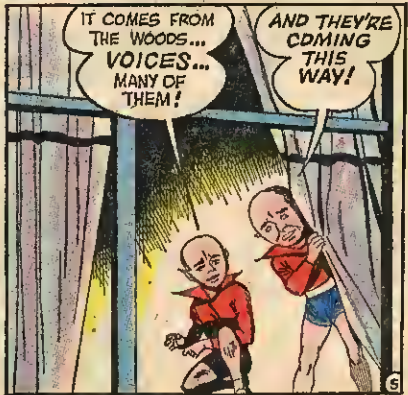
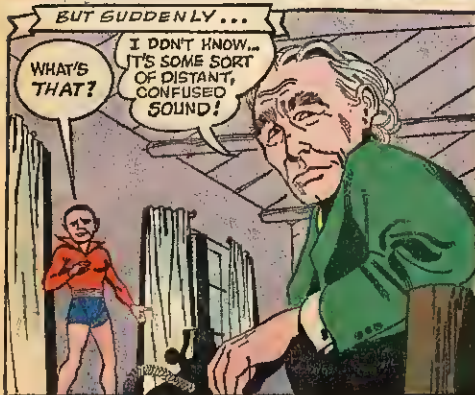
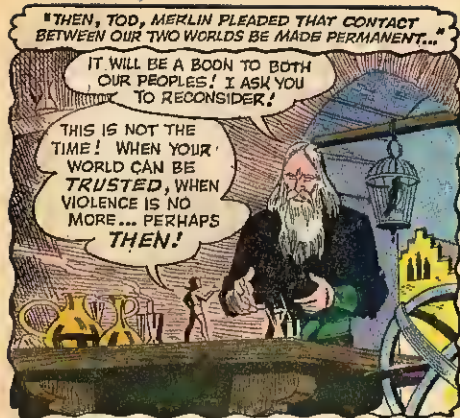
THE SINGLE DROP FELL INTO THE ORANGE FLAME WITH A SIZZLING, HISSING SOUND...

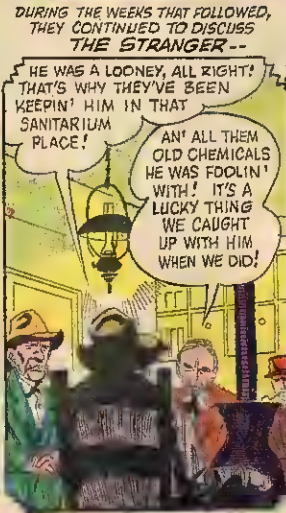
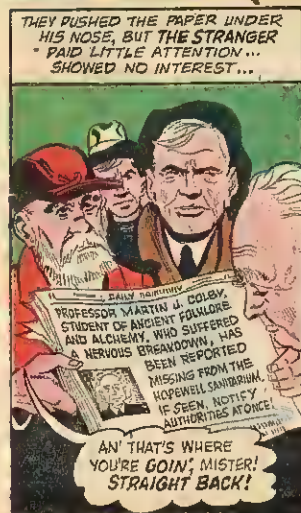
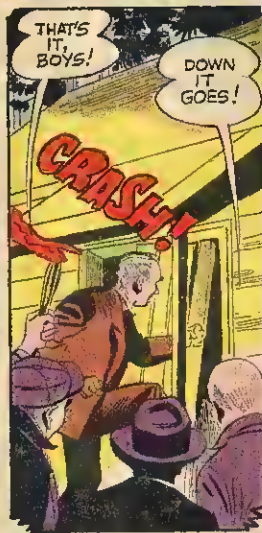
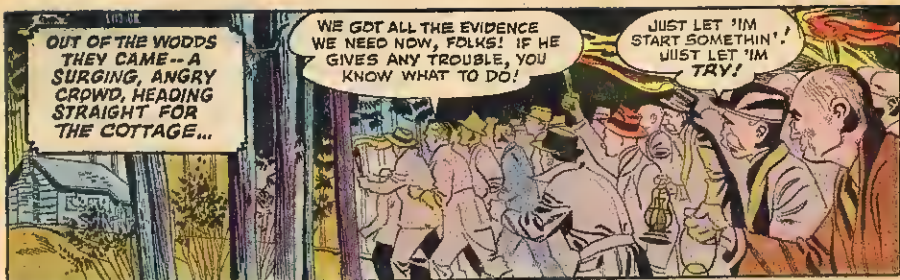
THIS IS THE BEST REACTION SO FAR! MAYBE NOW... MAYBE --













DR. MILD WAS A MAN WITH AN IDEA, A THEORY THAT WOULD REVOLUTIONIZE SCIENCE! BUT THE IDEA BECAME AN OBSESSION THAT SEIZED UPON HIS BRAIN AND DESTROYED IT! AND SO BEGAN THE GROTESQUE AND INCREDIBLE STORY OF---

# MYSTERY ISLAND!



**STORY:**  
KURATO OSAKI  
**ART:**  
BECK-COSTANZA

FOR RANDY MILES AND HIS WIFE LISA, THE ROUND-THE-WORLD HONEYMOON CRUISE HAD BEGUN AS A GAY ADVENTURE! BUT NOW, MONTHS LATER, THEY WERE STRANDED IN A REMOTE CORNER OF THE EARTH---

SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A TUG AT THE LINE--AND UP FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE MOZAMBIQUE CHANNEL CAME A WEIRD CREATURE!

IT'S A COELACANTH! A PRIMITIVE FISH--A SURVIVOR OF A SPECIES HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF YEARS OLD!

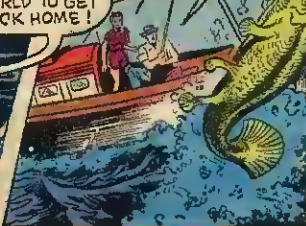
WELL, HE WON'T SURVIVE MUCH LONGER! TO ME, HE'S JUST A FISH DINNER!

GOOD GRIEF! IS THAT A FISH?

LISA, LOOK!

WE'LL MAKE IT SOME-HOW, LISA!

I'VE GONE OVER THE FIGURES A DOZEN TIMES, RANDY! ALL WE'VE GOT LEFT IS TEN DOLLARS AMERICAN--AND WE'VE GOT TO TRAVEL HALF-WAY 'ROUND THE WORLD TO GET BACK HOME!



COOK IT? LISA, THIS FISH IS WORTH A SMALL FORTUNE ON MADAGASCAR! A RESEARCHER THERE IS OFFERING FIVE HUNDRED AMERICAN DOLLARS FOR EVERY SPECIMEN OF THIS FISH TURNED IN!

WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? HAUL ANCHOR! WE'RE HEADED FOR MADAGASCAR!

THEY FOUND HIM ON THE WATERFRONT--A TALL, DARK NULK OF A MAN WITH SUNKEN EYES THAT WERE LIT WITH A STRANGE FIRE...

THERE IS THE MAN YOU SEEK--**DR. MILO!** HE'S ABOUT TO SAIL FOR HIS HOME ON GRANDE ISLAND!

NATURE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS! IT WAS I, **CONSTANTINE MILO**, WHO...

THEY STRUCK A BARGAIN IMMEDIATELY! THE STRANGE DR. MILO PAID THE PRICE WITHOUT HAGGLING...

HERE YOU ARE, FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS AMERICAN, AS I AGREED!

IT SURE IS A LOT OF MONEY FOR ONE FISH, BUT FRANKLY, I'M GLAD TO GET IT!

CONSUMED WITH CURIOSITY, LISA TRIED TO DRAW MILO INTO A CONVERSATION...

ISN'T IT AMAZING THAT NATURE ALLOWED SUCH AN ANCIENT SPECIES OF FISH TO SURVIVE INTO MODERN TIMES?

SO YOU THINK THAT NATURE--HA-HA!

THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THE SCIENTIST WHICH SEEMED FAMILIAR TO RANDY! HE QUESTIONED THE CUSTOMS OFFICIAL ON THE WATERFRONT...

I'M A NEWSPAPER-MAN BY PROFESSION, MONSIEUR! I KNOW I HAVE SEEN MILO'S NAME IN THE HEADLINES SOMEWHERE!

I'M CERTAIN OF IT, MY FRIEND. THE GOOD DOCTOR FLED AMERICA AFTER BADLY INJURING A FELLOW BIOLOGIST IN A QUARREL! HE LIVES HERE IN EXILE!

BUT SUDDENLY, HIS LIPS HARDENED IN SILENCE...

ENOUGH OF THIS GABBLE! YOU HAVE YOUR MONEY! I MUST GO NOW--I HAVE WORK TO DO!



HE BOUGHT A SMALL ISLAND SOME FIFTY KILOMETERS TO THE NORTH! IT IS THERE THAT HE LIVES AND CONDUCTS HIS EXPERIMENTS!

A MYSTERIOUS ISLAND! SECRET EXPERIMENTS! OH, IT SOUNDS SO EXCITING! I WONDER IF WE COULD VISIT HIM THERE?



I WOULD NOT ADVISE INTERRUPTING DR. MILO'S PRIVACY, MY FRIENDS! HE IS KNOWN TO BE A MAN OF SUDDEN ANGER AND GREAT VIOLENCE!

JUST THE SAME, I WOULD LIKE TO SEE THAT ISLAND!

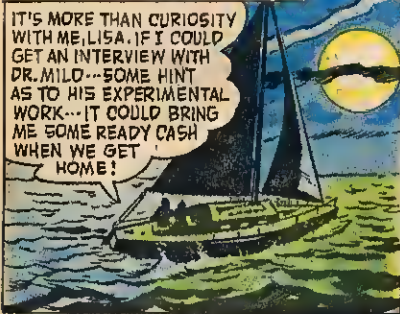


HOLD IT, LISA, YOU MAY GET YOUR WISH AT THAT! MILO GAVE ME TOO MUCH MONEY HERE!

SPLENDID! THEN WE HAVE A PERFECTLY LEGITIMATE EXCUSE FOR VISITING HIM ON HIS ISLAND! I'M DYING WITH CURIOSITY!

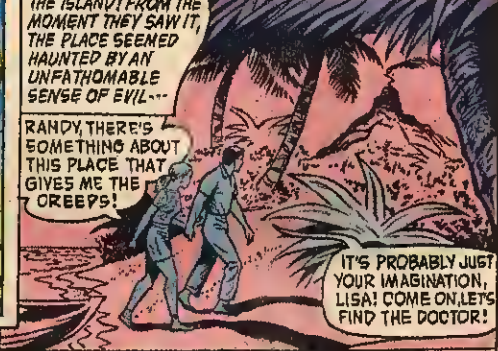


IT'S MORE THAN CURIOSITY WITH ME, LISA. IF I COULD GET AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. MILO—SOME HINT AS TO HIS EXPERIMENTAL WORK—IT COULD BRING ME SOME READY CASH WHEN WE GET HOME!



AT DAWN NEXT DAY THEY ARRIVED OFF THE ISLAND! FROM THE MOMENT THEY SAW IT, THE PLACE SEEMED HAUNTED BY AN UNFATHOMABLE SENSE OF EVIL...

RANDY, THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PLACE THAT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!



IT'S PROBABLY JUST YOUR IMAGINATION, LISA! COME ON, LET'S FIND THE DOCTOR!

IT WAS THEN THAT THEY SAW IT... THE TITANIC SHAPE THAT LOOMED OVER THE UNDERBRUSH...

RANDY, LOOK! IN HEAVEN'S NAME! IT'S A—A MAMMOTH!



BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! MAMMOTHS HAVE BEEN EXTINCT FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS!

THERE WAS A SOFT FOOTFALL BEHIND THEM...

DR. MILO!



YES...AND DANGEROUS TO THOSE WHO INVADE MY PRIVACY!

ER--YOU GAVE US TOO MUCH MONEY! WE DROPPED BY TO RETURN IT...

A CLEVER STORY, BUT I KNOW **BETTER!** YOU ARE HERE TO SPY ON ME... AND MY EXPERIMENTS!

YOUR **EXPERIMENTS?** IS THAT MAMMOTH ONE OF THEM, DR. MILD?

AH YES, THAT BRUTE IS BUT ONE OF A DOZEN EXTINCT BEASTS I HAVE RECREATED!

**ANXIOUS FOR MORE INFORMATION, RANDY BEGAN TO NEEDLE HIM...**

AFTER ALL, BIOLOGISTS HAVE GROWN THROWBACKS BEFORE! I READ OF A FELLOW WHO DEVELOPED A SPECIMEN OF THE AUROCHS, THE ORIGINAL WILD CATTLE, BY BREEDING SELECTED MODERN TYPES!

**BAH!** THAT WAS CHILD'S PLAY!

LOOK THERE--A WOOLY RHINOCEROS AND AN ANCIENT GIANT SLOTH--BOTH OF THEM **MY HANDIWORK!**

THAT'S AMAZING, DOCTOR, BUT YOUR EXPERIMENTS ARE HARDLY **ORIGINAL!**

I HAVE LEARNED TO REVERSE EVOLUTION FAR MORE SWIFTLY! IN A MATTER OF HOURS, I CAN TURN BACK THE EVOLUTIONARY CLOCK HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF YEARS! THAT GOELACANTH, FOR INSTANCE...

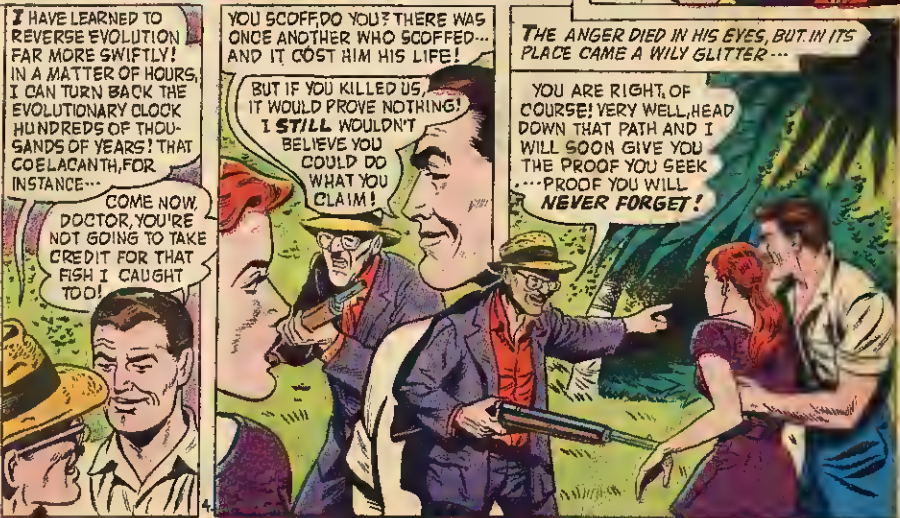
COME NOW, DOCTOR, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE CREDIT FOR THAT FISH I CAUGHT TOO!

YOU SCOFFED DO YOU? THERE WAS ONCE ANOTHER WHO SCOFFED... AND IT COST HIM HIS LIFE!

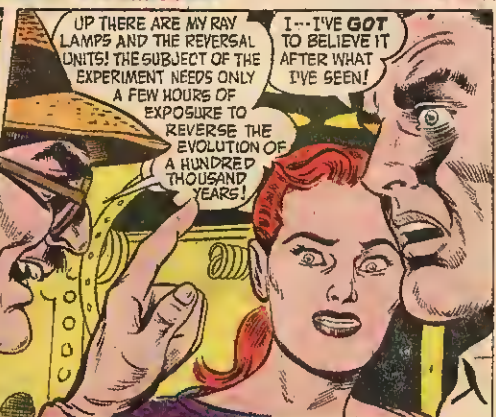
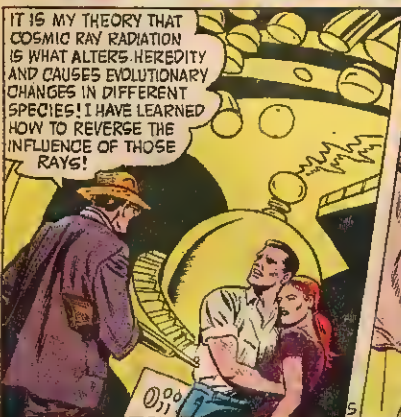
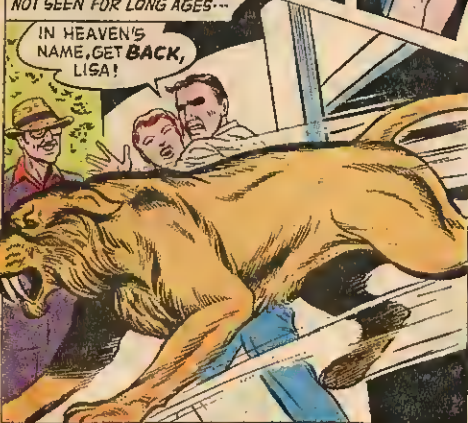
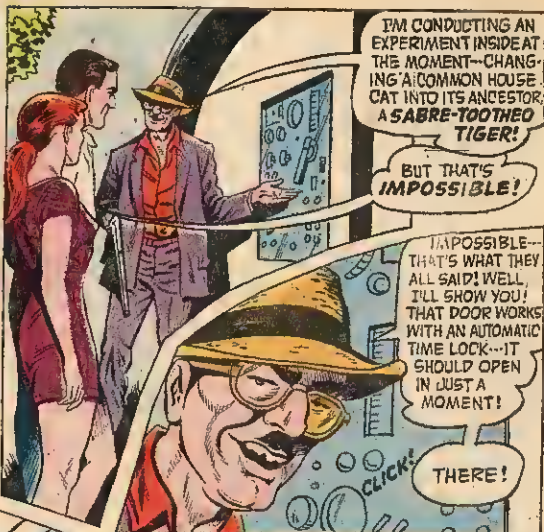
BUT IF YOU KILLED US, IT WOULD PROVE NOTHING! I **STILL** WOULDN'T BELIEVE YOU COULD DO WHAT YOU CLAIM!

THE ANGER DIED IN HIS EYES, BUT IN ITS PLACE CAME A WILY GLITTER...

YOU ARE RIGHT, OF COURSE! VERY WELL, HEAD DOWN THAT PATH AND I WILL SOON GIVE YOU THE PROOF YOU SEEK... **PROOF YOU WILL NEVER FORGET!**







BUT DR. MILO, THIS IS A MASTERFUL ACHIEVEMENT! WHY DO YOU HIDE YOUR EXPERIMENTS FROM THE WORLD?

BECAUSE MY INVESTIGATIONS ARE NOT YET COMPLETE! I MUST MAKE ONE LAST TEST --- I PLAN TO CREATE A LIVING SPECIMEN OF **EARLY MAN!**

BUT IT IS NOT EASY TO GET A **SUBJECT** FOR SUCH A TEST! I WAS AT A LOSS---THAT IS, UNTIL **YOU** FOLLOWED ME HERE!

YOU MEAN---

YES, MY FRIEND, YOU AND YOUR LOVELY WIFE SHALL TAKE PART IN MY EXPERIMENT! STAND THERE WHILE I ADJUST THE CONTROLS!

RANDY, WHAT DOES HE MEAN? WHAT IS HE TRYING TO SAY?

LET ME MAKE IT CRYSTAL CLEAR FOR YOU! THE CONTROLS ARE SET! ONCE YOU ARE LOCKED IN THAT CHAMBER, IT WILL TAKE BUT FOUR HOURS TO TURN YOU INTO SPECIMENS OF NEANDERTHAL MAN, AS HE WAS WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG!

RANDY, NO! HE CAN'T MEAN IT!

CAN'T I Z BACK--**BACK** INSIDE!

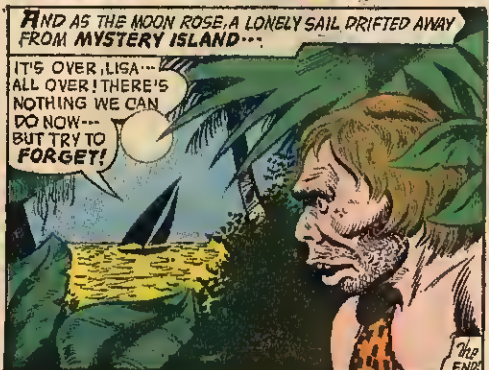
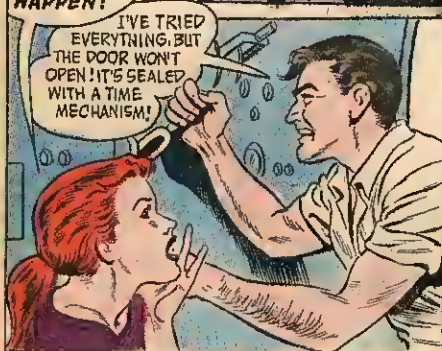
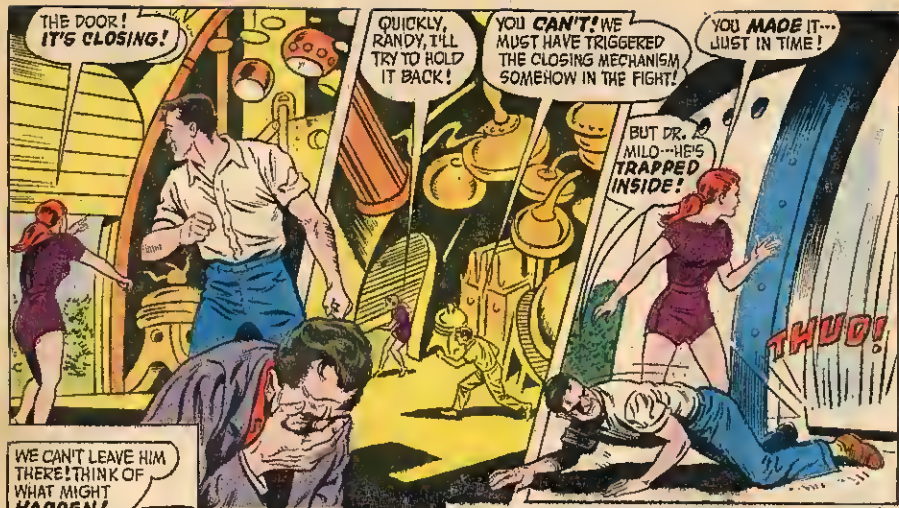
FROM SOME UNKNOWN SOURCE, RANDY DREW THE STRENGTH TO BREAK THE BONDS OF FEAR THAT HELD HIM FAST!

WE'RE NOT THROUGH YET, MILO!

BAM!

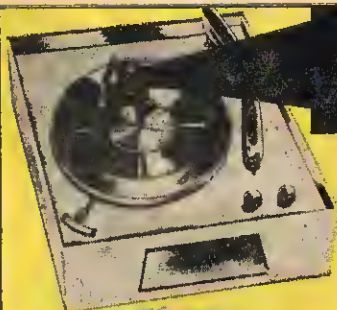
MILO FOUGHT BACK LIKE THE MADMAN HE WAS, BUT RANDY KNEW HE WAS FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE!





THE END

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My name is Charles Atlas. Of course, I can't promise that you'll win the title of "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," as I did. But I do say that I believe I can make a mighty powerful He-Man out of you — in a very short time. In fact, you can prove it to yourself in 7 days. At my risk, of course. And I have good reason for believing I can do it. Because during the last 30 years I have turned many thousands of weaklings — fellows who were ashamed of their bodies — into beautifully-proportioned human dynamos of strength, energy, and tireless endurance . . . with the kind of muscular development that needn't take "back talk" from any one. My big free book will tell you how my secret of Dynamic Tension may be able to do such a job for you. Where shall I send your copy? There's not a bit of cost or obligation on your part. So mail the coupon now.



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This model is perfectly designed for high-speed flight! As soon as it picks up power from the motion of your hand, it will lift up its nose, its wings will begin to cut through the air, it will flash upward and streak ahead of you! As you give it more, and more line it will turn wider and wider, fly faster and faster! You have perfect control every second of its flight! You can fly it in circles only five feet wide, or you can take it outdoors and fly it in gigantic arcs

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You can make this plane soar upward—stall at fantastic heights—dive towards the ground—and then pick up speed and flash upward again in a breath-taking rescue! You can make the engines on your plane scream like fighters at bursts of 600 scale miles an hour! You can make them purr softly at cruising speed—hear them roar again as your plane picks up altitude and speed!

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